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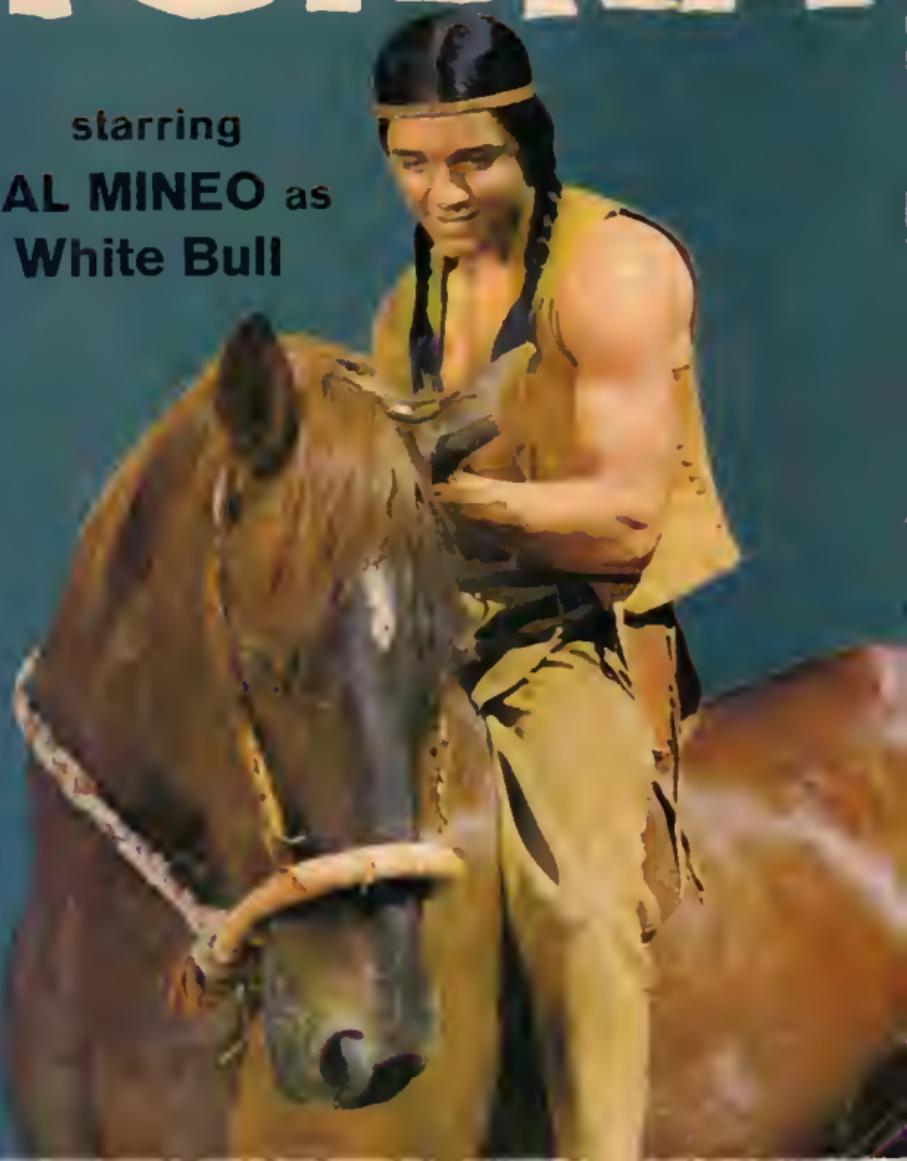
DELL

WALT DISNEY'S

TONKA

starring

SAL MINEO as
White Bull





Tonka

... the great one

When White Bull first looks upon the big wild colt a kindredship awakens... and the Indian boy does not rest until he has captured the fiery stallion.

Through patience and gentleness, the youth conquers the rebellious spirit of the horse and names him TONKA, meaning "great one."



Tonka is soon awarded to a warrior of higher rank, who proves to be a cruel, heartless master.



Refusing to allow such mistreatment, White Bull releases Tonka, and once again the great horse knows his freedom.



But the two are destined to meet once more... this time on the field of battle.

WALT DISNEY'S

TONKA

FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN, DAKOTA
TERRITORY, APRIL 10, 1878... A BATTLE
SCARRED BUT PROUD HORSE KNOWN AS
"COMANCHE" IS LED ONTO THE PARADE
GROUNDS TO BE HONORED IN A MANNER
BEFITTING THE BRAVEST OF SOLDIERS...



WELCOMED LIKE A HERO,
COMANCHE SEEKS TO SENSE
HIS MOMENT OF GLORY...



SOLDIERS OF ALL RANKS SNAP TO ATTENTION AS THE
VETERAN CAVALRY HORSE STANDS BEFORE THEM...



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BUT BEHIND EVERY HERO THERE IS A STORY, AND FOR COMANCHE, IT BEGINS ON THE DAKOTA PLAINS ...

THERE, AS A YOUNG SPIRITED STALLION, HE RUNS FREE, AS UNBROKEN AND UNTAMED AS A GUST OF WIND IN A PRAIRIE STORM ...

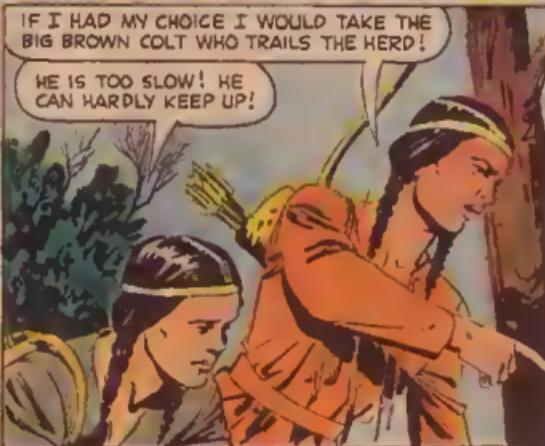


TWO SIOUX INDIAN YOUTHS, WHITE BULL AND STRONG BEAR, WATCH IMPATIENTLY AS THEIR ELDERS PURSUE THE WILD HORSE HERD ...



IF I HAD MY CHOICE I WOULD TAKE THE BIG BROWN COLT WHO TRAILS THE HERD!

HE IS TOO SLOW! HE CAN HARDLY KEEP UP!



HE RUNS LAST TO PROTECT THE LITTLE ONES! HE HAS COURAGE! LOOK! I THINK HE WOULD LIKE TO STOP AND FIGHT!



THE INDIAN BOYS WATCH AS THE YOUNG STALLION REARS IN DEFIECE OF HIS HUMAN PURSUERS...

SEE THERE? HE IS NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING! HE IS THE BRAVEST HORSE OF ALL!

WHEEE - AGGGHHH!



SUDDENLY THE WILD HORSES SWING BACK AND MOVE UP THE RIVER BED TOWARD A NARROW GAP...

ONCE THEY GET THROUGH THE NARROWS YOU WILL NEVER SEE YOUR HORSE AGAIN!

YOU ARE WRONG! I AM GOING TO CAPTURE THAT HORSE!



THE LARIAT BELONGS TO YELLOW BULL! HE HAS FORBIDDEN ANYONE TO USE IT!

A FRIEND DOES NOT TELL ON ANOTHER!



DETERMINED, WHITE BULL DASHES DOWN THE HILL...



DISCARDING HIS BOW AND ARROWS, THE INDIAN YOUTH RUNS TOWARD THE BANK OF THE DRY CREEK...



THE THUNDERING HORSES APPROACH THE NARROW GAP AND THEN...



THE LARIAT TIGHTENS AROUND COMANCHE'S NECK...



WHITE BULL IS JERKED OFF HIS FEET AS THE STARTLED HORSE PLUNGES UP THE GULLY...



BUT THE POWERFUL STALLION IS TOO MUCH FOR THE BOY AND THE LARIAT SLIPS FROM HIS HANDS...



I... I BORROWED A ROPE, FROM THE PACK HORSE! IT IS STILL AROUND THE NECK OF THE HORSE!

IT IS NOT ENOUGH THAT YOU DISOBEEY ORDERS AND LEAVE THE TRAVOIS... YOU STEAL MY MOST PRIZED POSSESSION!



FROM NOW ON YOU WILL WALK WITH THE WOMEN AND DOGS!



MEANWHILE, UP AHEAD, THE YOUNG STALLION IS CAUGHT IN THE TRAILING LARIAT...



COMANCHE STUMBLES, HIS LEGS BECOMING ENTANGLED IN THE ROPE...



TRAPPED AND ALONE, HIS FRIGHTENED CRIES ECHO THROUGH THE CANYON... BUT NO HELP COMES...



AT THE SIOUX CAMP, THE YOUNG INDIAN STANDS BEFORE THE GREAT CHIEF, SITTING BULL...

THESE ARE GRAVE CHARGES YELLOW BULL BRINGS AGAINST YOU! YOU MUST NOT GO HUNTING AGAIN UNTIL YOU HAVE PROVED WORTHY OF THE TRUST! THAT IS ALL!



I'LL GET EVEN
WITH YELLOW
BULL FOR THIS,
MOTHER!

VENGEANCE IS A POOR SUBSTITUTE
FOR HONEST ACHIEVEMENT, MY SON!
YOUR FIRST DUTY IS TO FIND YOUR
BOW AND QUIVER OF ARROWS...AND
THE ROPE BELONGING TO
YELLOW BULL!

I WILL GO
WITH THE
NEW SUN
AND SEARCH
FOR THEM!

MAYBE I WILL
FIND MY HORSE
AGAIN!



AT SUNRISE THE NEXT MORNING, WHITE
BULL TRUDGES THROUGH THE HILLS IN
SEARCH OF HIS LOST POSSESSIONS...

RETRACING HIS STEPS, THE BOY SOON
FINDS THE DISCARDED BOW AND ARROWS...



AS THE BOY TURNS TO LEAVE...

WHITE BULL FOLLOWS THE PITIFUL SOUND
AND SOON, IN A BOX CANYON...



MY HORSE! HE MUST HAVE
DRAGGED HIMSELF INTO THIS
BOX CANYON TRYING TO GET TO
THE WATER HOLE!

THE BOY FILLS HIS QUIVER WITH WATER FROM THE NEARBY POOL...



HE DIGS A SMALL HOLE WITH HIS HANDS, LINING IT WITH HIS BUCKSKIN SHIRT, AND FILLS IT WITH THE FRESH WATER...



I COULD LET YOU LOOSE... BUT THEN YOU WOULD GET AWAY! FIRST, I MUST MAKE SURE YOU WILL STAY HERE! SOON, YOU WILL KNOW I AM YOUR FRIEND!



SLOWLY, SPEAKING IN A SOOTHING TONE OF VOICE, THE INDIAN BOY BEGINS TO FREE THE HORSE FROM HIS BONDS...



GENTLY, WHITE BULL EASES HIMSELF ONTO THE YOUNG STALLION'S BACK...



FOR A MOMENT, COMANCHE IS NOT AWARE WHAT IS HAPPENING AS HE TESTS HIS NEW FOUND FREEDOM...



THEN, WITH
A SUDDEN
TWISTING
LEAP...



FORTUNATELY, THE
CREEK BED IS SOFT...

GOOD! YOU ARE
STILL STRONG AND
FULL OF SPIRIT!



I WILL NAME YOU TONKA WAKAN...

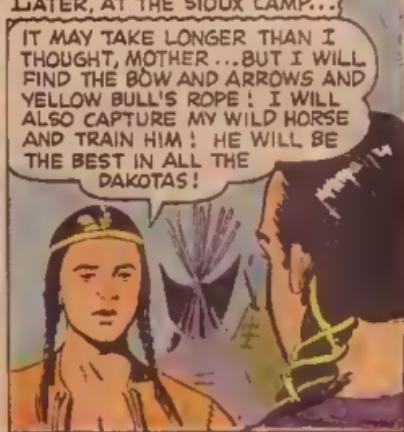
THE GREAT ONE!

I WILL BE BACK
TOMORROW, MY
FRIEND... I'M
GOING TO KEEP
YOU HERE UNTIL
WE CAN RIDE
INTO MY CAMP
TOGETHER!



LATER, AT THE SIOUX CAMP...

IT MAY TAKE LONGER THAN I
THOUGHT, MOTHER... BUT I WILL
FIND THE BOW AND ARROWS AND
YELLOW BULL'S ROPE! I WILL
ALSO CAPTURE MY WILD HORSE
AND TRAIN HIM! HE WILL BE
THE BEST IN ALL THE
DAKOTAS!



THE NEXT MORNING, UNKNOWN TO EVEN
HIS FAMILY, WHITE BULL PATIENTLY BEGINS
TO TRAIN HIS WILD HORSE...

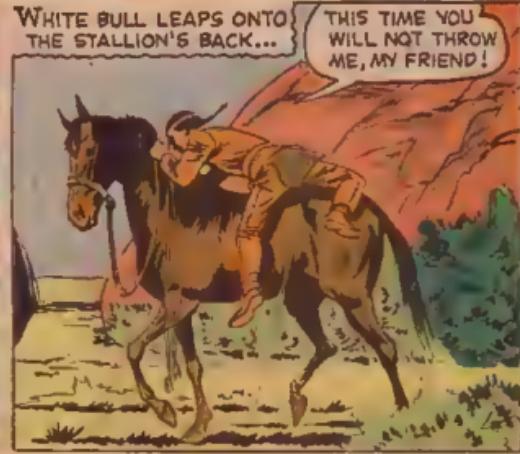


THE DAYS GO BY AND THE YOUNG
STALLION LEARNS TO TRUST THE BOY...



THE DAY COMES WHEN WHITE BULL
DECIDES HIS HORSE IS TO BE RIDDEN...

COMANCHE REACHES FOR THE TURNIP AND
THE BOY SLIPS A HALTER QUICKLY OVER
HIS HEAD...



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS, THE STALLION ONCE AGAIN FEELS THE FREEDOM OF OPEN SPACES AND GALLOPS ACROSS THE ROLLING HILLS...



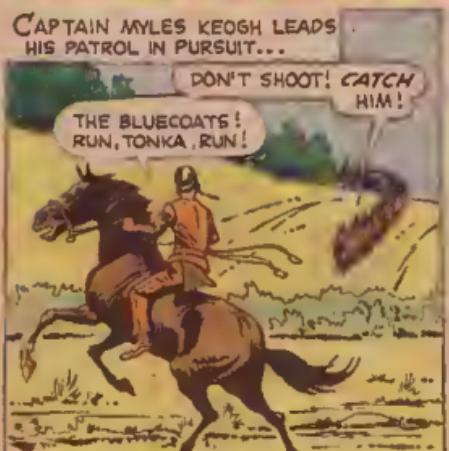
NO MATTER HOW FAST HE RUNS, WHITE BULL STILL CLINGS TIGHTLY TO HIS BACK AND FINALLY, WEARINESS TRIUMPHS OVER COMANCHE'S DESIRE TO ESCAPE...



AS WHITE BULL PROUDLY RIDES HIS STALLION TOWARD CAMP...



CAPTAIN MYLES KEOSH LEADS HIS PATROL IN PURSUIT...



COMANCHE RESPONDS TO THE BOY'S URGING AND GALLOPS ACROSS THE ROUGH TERRAIN...



THE ARMY HORSES ARE NO MATCH FOR THE SPEED OF THE YOUNG STALLION...

IT'S NO USE! THAT COLT RUNS LIKE A FRIGHTENED COMANCHE!

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING THAT FAST!

A SURPRISED GROUP WATCHES AS WHITE BULL RIDES INTO CAMP WITH HIS NEW HORSE...

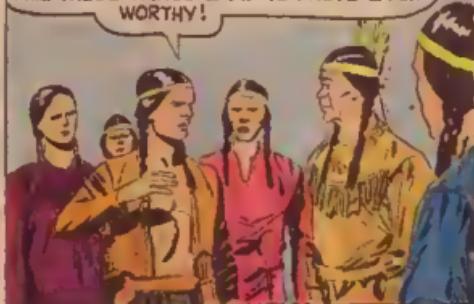
IT IS WHITE BULL! HE RIDES A WILD COLT!

WHERE DID THE BOY GET THAT HORSE? AND HOW?



SOON, IN FRONT OF SITTING BULL'S LODGE...

I HAVE RECOVERED THE BOW AND ARROWS AND THE ROPE WHICH BELONGS TO YELLOW BULL! MY HORSE IS TONKA WAKAN... I CAUGHT HIM AND TRAINED HIM MYSELF! ALL THESE THINGS I DID TO PROVE I AM WORTHY!



WHAT KIND OF A LIE IS THIS? SUCH A BOY CANNOT TRAIN A WILD HORSE!

IT IS TRUE! I WILL SHOW YOU!



WHITE BULL DEMONSTRATES THE THOROUGHNESS OF HIS TRAINING AND PUTS COMANCHE THROUGH HIS PACES...



TONKA IS TRULY A GREAT ONE!

ONLY A MAN WOULD DO WHAT YOU HAVE DONE! I AM PROUD OF YOU, MY SON!

HERE IS YOUR
WAPATO, TONKA!
YOU HAVE
EARNED IT!

THIS IS A FINE HORSE
YOU HAVE, WHITE BULL!
YOU HAVE TRAINED HIM
WELL...HE HAS STRONG
LEGS...GOOD TEETH!

I WILL TAKE HIM!

NO! HE IS MINE!
TONKA IS MINE!



I DEMAND YOU
GIVE HIM TO ME!
I HAVE THE RIGHT!
IT IS THE PRIVILEGE
OF MY RANK!

NO... IT ISN'T FAIR!
YOU CANNOT TAKE
MY HORSE!



THE DISPUTE IS SOON TAKEN TO THE CHIEF,
SITTING BULL, WHO MAKES THE DECISION...

WHILE I DO NOT APPROVE OF YELLOW
BULL'S ACTION - I CANNOT DENY IT IS
HIS RIGHT ACCORDING TO TRIBAL
CUSTOM! HE IS A GREAT BRAVE
- WITH FORTY EAGLE
FEATHERS IN HIS
WAR BONNET!
WHITE BULL HAS
YET TO EARN A
SINGLE FEATHER!

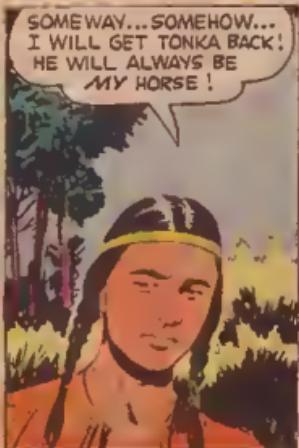


I AM SORRY, WHITE BULL!
THE HORSE MUST BE
TURNED OVER TO
YELLOW BULL!

DO NOT BE SAD,
MY SON! IT IS
THE LAW OF
OUR TRIBE!



SOMEWAY... SOMEHOW...
I WILL GET TONKA BACK!
HE WILL ALWAYS BE
MY HORSE!



THE NEXT MORNING, AS WHITE BULL COMES FROM HIS LODGE...

EEE-EE-AUGH!

STOP! TAKE THE WHITE MAN'S IRON FROM TONKA'S MOUTH!

I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH WILD HORSES! I MUST TEACH HIM WHO IS MASTER!



COMANCHE BUCKS AND REARS, TRYING TO FIGHT THE MAN ON HIS BACK...

NEE-EE-AUGH!

YELLOW BULL LOSES HIS HOLD...

'YOU WILL NEVER BREAK HIM BEING SO CRUEL!'



HE IS A DEVIL HORSE! I WILL BREAK HIS SPIRIT!

NO! STOP!

WHITE BULL FIGHTS WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH BUT THE ELDER BRAVE IS TOO MUCH FOR HIM...

FOOL! NO MAN BEATS YELLOW BULL! YOU ARE LUCKY I DO NOT BEAT YOU SENSELESS!



YOUR HORSE IS YOUNG,
WHITE BULL... HE WILL
SOON LEARN THE
CRUELTIIES OF MAN'S
WAYS AND BOW TO THEM!

BUT THE BLAME IS
MINE! I CAUGHT HIM!
IT IS MY FAULT TONKA
IS BEING HURT! HE
WILL HATE ME!



THAT NIGHT, UNABLE TO SLEEP BECAUSE
OF THE HEARTACHE HE FEELS FOR HIS
STALLION'S PLIGHT...

IT IS I, TONKA!
I BROUGHT YOU
SOME WAPATO!

NEE GH.



I CANNOT BEAR TO SEE YOU
HURT ANY MORE, TONKA...
I AM GOING TO SEND YOU
BACK TO YOUR OWN KIND
... WHERE YOU WILL BE
SAFE FROM YELLOW BULL'S
CRUEL WAYS!



OUR CHIEF GAVE ME
THIS GOOD LUCK CHARM
... HE SAID IT WOULD
PROTECT ME! NOW
IT WILL PROTECT YOU!



COMANCHE TURNS, DOES NOT
SEEM TO UNDERSTAND...

RUN, TONKA!
RUN! RUN!



THE TEARS COME UNASHAMEDLY AS THE
BOY AND HIS BELOVED HORSE SEPARATE...

GOOD-BY TONKA WAKAN.
I WILL NEVER FORGET YOU.
MAY THE GOOD SPIRITS
PROTECT YOU FOREVER!



SOME MONTHS LATER, AT THE CAVALRY REMOUNT STATION AT FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS...

MORNIN', CAPTAIN KEOGH! COME TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE WILD BRONCS THEY BROUGHT IN YESTERDAY?

I ALWAYS HAVE A LOOK, LIEUTENANT NOWLAN! I'M THE HOPEFUL SORT...



BUT YOU HAVE A GOOD HORSE, SIR!

A CAVALRY MOUNT HAS TO BE MORE THAN JUST A GOOD HORSE, NOWLAN... IT HAS TO HAVE THAT EXTRA SOMETHING!



THAT'S SOME DESCRIPTION OF A HORSE, CAPTAIN!

IT'S FROM THE BOOK OF JOB, THIRTY-NINTH CHAPTER! WHEN I FIND AN ANIMAL LIKE THAT... THEN I'LL HAVE A CAVALRY HORSE!

NEARBY, COMANCHE IS AMONG THE CAPTURED BRONCS...

WHEE-EE-AUGH!

HOLD HIM TIGHT!
GET HIS EARS!





COMANCHE REARS, CRYING OUT WITH PAIN
AND FIGHTING THE CRUEL SPURS THAT DIG
INTO HIS FLANKS...



THE CAVALRY OFFICER SPEAKS GENTLY TO THE FRIGHTENED HORSE AND SOON...

WHOA NOW, BOY... EASY... NO ONE WILL HURT YOU NOW THAT I'M HERE!

LOOK! HE'S QUIT FIGHTING!



IT'LL JUST BE A HALTER FOR YOU FROM NOW ON FOR YOU, BOY... NO MORE IRON BITS!

HE FIGHTS LIKE A COMANCHE, CAPTAIN! HE TRIED TO KILL ME!



I DON'T BLAME HIM, DAVIS! A MAN WHO TREATS A HORSE LIKE YOU DO, DESERVES TO BE HURT! BUT HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW... I'M BUYING HIM! MAKE OUT THE NECESSARY PAPERS, WILL YOU, NOWLAN?

YESSIR!



I'LL NEED A NAME OR SOMETHING, CAPTAIN... WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO CALL HIM?

SINCE HE FIGHTS AND RUNS LIKE ONE, LET'S CALL HIM BY THAT NAME... **COMANCHE!**



A GOOD LUCK CHARM! NOW I KNOW YOU BELONGED TO AN INDIAN! I'VE GOT A HUNCH YOU TOOK A LICKING YOU DIDN'T DESERVE, BOY... BUT YOU STOOD UP TO THEM REAL GOOD!

COMANCHE STANDS QUIETLY AS THE CAPTAIN MOUNTS...



THIS HORSE HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY TRAINED, NOWLAN...



AND TRAINED GENTLY, WITH LOVING CARE! I'M GOING TO TRY TO DO AS WELL BY HIM! NO MORE RING BITS... NO TIGHT CINCHES!



COMANCHE RESPONDS AND SEEMS TO KNOW HIS NEW MASTER IS A FRIEND...

YES, SIR, COMANCHE! I THINK I'VE FINALLY FOUND THE HORSE I'VE DREAMED OF! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO GET ALONG JUST FINE!



COMANCHE IS FITTED WITH SHOES AND THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE STABLE AREA...

IT'S JUST A SINGLE BIT, BOY! WON'T HURT YOU ANY MORE THAN THOSE SHOES DID! I PROMISE!



PATIENTLY CAPTAIN REOGH WORKS WITH COMANCHE...

NO SUGAR, COMANCHE! NOT UNTIL YOU'VE LEARNED TO STAY IN ONE PLACE WHEN I GROUND HITCH YOU!



NOW LET'S TRY IT AGAIN... DON'T MOVE UNTIL I...

WHEE-EE-AUGH!



WELL, I MADE YOU MAD, DID I? AT LEAST I KNOW THAT NO ONE HAS BROKEN YOUR SPIRIT!



A FEW WEEKS LATER, CAPTAIN KEOGH IS PUT IN CHARGE OF A TRANSFER UNIT ORDERED TO JOIN UP WITH THE SEVENTH CAVALRY...

THINK WE'LL SEE ACTION, SIR?

I WOULDN'T DOUBT IT, NOWLAN! THE SEVENTH CAVALRY IS COMMANDED BY GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER!



LATER, AT FORT ABRAHAM LINCOLN...

GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US KEOGH! THE SEVENTH IS A FIGHTING OUTFIT. HOPE YOU'RE READY!

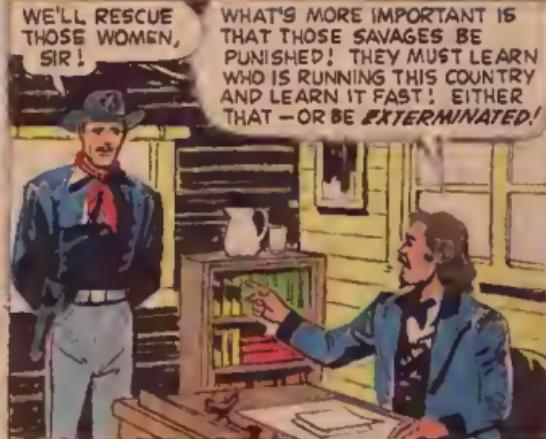
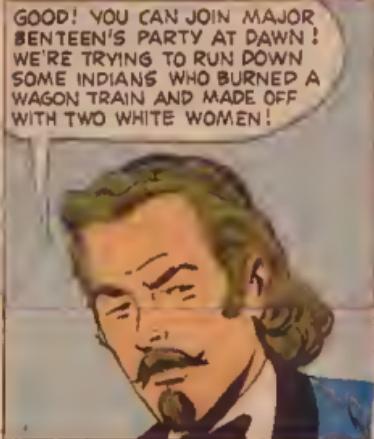
THE SOONER THE BETTER, GENERAL CUSTER!



GOOD! YOU CAN JOIN MAJOR BENTEEEN'S PARTY AT DAWN! WE'RE TRYING TO RUN DOWN SOME INDIANS WHO BURNED A WAGON TRAIN AND MADE OFF WITH TWO WHITE WOMEN!

WE'LL RESCUE THOSE WOMEN, SIR!

WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT IS THAT THOSE SAVAGES BE PUNISHED! THEY MUST LEARN WHO IS RUNNING THIS COUNTRY AND LEARN IT FAST! EITHER THAT — OR BE EXTERMINATED!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE NEW INDIAN ENCAMPMENT WHERE TRIBES OF THE SIOUX NATION MEET...

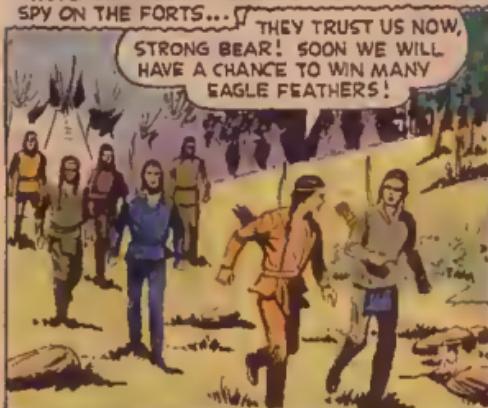
EACH DAY WE GROW STRONGER! SOON WE WILL HAVE MORE BRAVES THAN THERE ARE STARS IN THE SKY! THEN WE CAN RUN THE WHITE MAN FROM OUR LANDS!

FIRST WE MUST KNOW IF THE WHITE MAN'S SOLDIERS ARE MANY OR FEW! WE WILL SEND OUR BRAVES TO EVERY FORT. THEY WILL TELL US IF WE SHOULD WAR OR NOT!



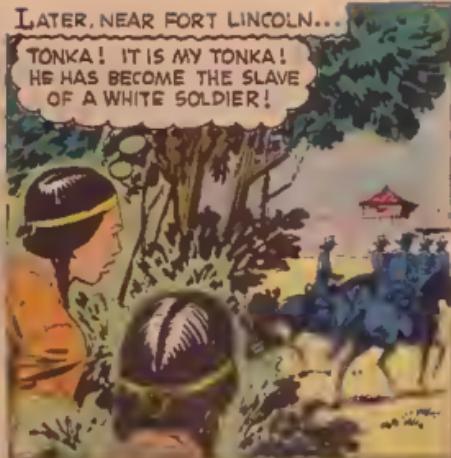
THE YOUNG BRAVE, WHITE BULL, IS AMONG THOSE SENT OUT IN GROUPS THE NEXT DAY TO SPY ON THE FORTS...

THEY TRUST US NOW,
STRONG BEAR! SOON WE WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN MANY EAGLE FEATHERS!



LATER, NEAR FORT LINCOLN...

TONKA! IT IS MY TONKA!
HE HAS BECOME THE SLAVE OF A WHITE SOLDIER!



WE KNOW HOW MANY SOLDIERS WE HAVE SEEN! WE DO NOT KNOW HOW MANY WE HAVE NOT SEEN!

WHEN DARKNESS COMES, I WILL GO TO THE FORT! I WILL TRY TO SLIP INSIDE!



THAT NIGHT, AS TAPS ARE BLOWN AT FORT LINCOLN...

YOU MUST HELP ME OVER THE WALL! IF I CAN'T GET BACK, I WILL THROW A ROCK OVER THE WALL!



BIG ROCK WILL MEAN MANY SOLDIERS... LITTLE ONE, FEW!

BE CAREFUL, WHITE BULL!



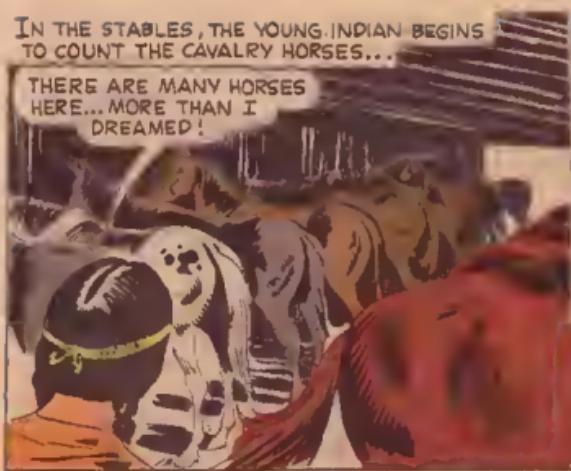
SILENTLY, WHITE BULL DROPS INTO THE FORT AND CROSSES THE GROUNDS...

I CAN'T COUNT SLEEPING SOLDIERS BUT I CAN COUNT THEIR HORSES.



IN THE STABLES, THE YOUNG INDIAN BEGINS
TO COUNT THE CAVALRY HORSES...

THERE ARE MANY HORSES
HERE... MORE THAN I
DREAMED!



MOMENTS LATER...

TONKA WAKAN!
YOU KNOW ME,
DON'T YOU, BOY?

WHEEE-EE-UUMPH!



I SAW THE WHITE
SOLDIER ON YOUR
BACK TODAY! MY
HEART WAS
ILLED WITH
SORROW!



SUDDENLY, AT THE STABLE ENTRANCE...



WHITE BULL FREEZES,
THEN DUCKS INTO THE
STALL MANGER...

SORRY I'M LATE, COMANCHE!
CHIEF LONG HAIR WAS TELLING
ME SOME OF HIS INDIAN
EXPLOITS AND I COULDN'T
WALK OUT ON HIM!



HERE'S YOUR SUGAR, BOY!
GUESS YOU COULDN'T SLEEP
WITHOUT YOUR TREAT,
COULD YOU?



SUDDENLY, THE CAPTAIN SENSES
SOMEONE ELSE'S PRESENCE AND TURNS...

SOMEONE IS HIDING
IN THAT MANGER



WHAT'S YOUR
NAME AND
WHAT IS YOUR
TRIBE?

I AM WHITE BULL...
I AM TETON SIOUX!
I... I CAME TO SEE
MY HORSE!



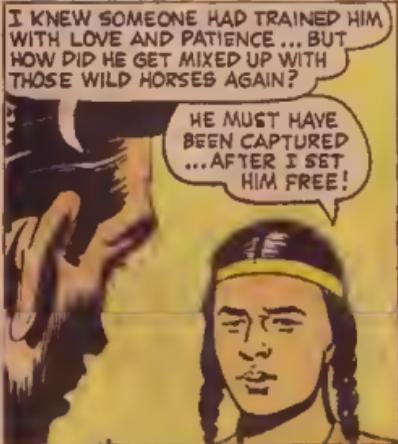
YOUR HORSE?
COMANCHE?

THAT IS WHITE MAN'S
NAME FOR HIM! TO ME,
HE IS TONKA WAKAN...
I CAUGHT HIM AND
TRAINED HIM... IT
WAS MANY MONTHS
AGO!



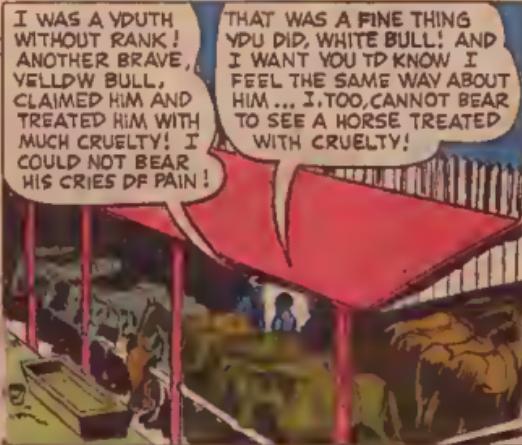
I KNEW SOMEONE HAD TRAINED HIM
WITH LOVE AND PATIENCE... BUT
HOW DID HE GET MIXED UP WITH
THOSE WILD HORSES AGAIN?

HE MUST HAVE
BEEN CAPTURED
...AFTER I SET
HIM FREE!



I WAS A YOUTH
WITHOUT RANK!
ANOTHER BRAVE,
YELLOW BULL,
CLAIMED HIM AND
TREATED HIM WITH
MUCH CRUELTY! I
COULD NOT BEAR
HIS CRIES OF PAIN!

THAT WAS A FINE THING
YOU DID, WHITE BULL! AND
I WANT YOU TO KNOW I
FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT
HIM... I, TOO, CANNOT BEAR
TO SEE A HORSE TREATED
WITH CRUELTY!



AS WHITE BULL IS LED ACROSS THE FORT GROUNDS, HE PICKS UP A LARGE ROCK...

NOW, I MUST DO MY DUTY AS A SOLDIER! I WILL HAVE TO LOCK YOU UP FOR THE NIGHT! I PROMISE NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU!

I BELIEVE YOU, BLUECOAT! YOU SEEM DIFFERENT THAN THE OTHER SOLDIERS I HAVE SEEN!

I DON'T SUPPOSE IT WILL DO ANY GOOD TO ASK YOU WHAT YOU TOLD THEM?

I AM SORRY! THAT I CANNOT TELL YOU!



THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE OFFICE OF GENERAL CUSTER...

LIVING, THIEVING, REDSKIN! SPEAK UP! WHY HAS SITTING BULL BROUGHT ALL THE TRIBES OF THE SIOUX NATION TOGETHER?

I DO NOT KNOW... THE GREAT SHAMAN DOES NOT TELL ME WHAT HE IS THINKING!

YOU KNOW INDIANS, SIR! HE'D HAVE HIS TONGUE CUT OUT BEFORE HE WOULD TELL YOU ANYTHING... EVEN IF HE DID KNOW! WE MIGHT AS WELL LET HIM GO!

I'LL LET HIM GO... BUT I WANT HIM TO TAKE A MESSAGE TO HIS CHIEF!



TELL YOUR CHIEF WE HAVE MANY FORTS WITH SOLDIERS! TELL HIM THEY WILL MARCH AND BURN EVERY SIOUX VILLAGE TO THE GROUND UNLESS HE COMES BACK TO THE RESERVATION AND LIVES IN PEACE!



CAPTAIN KEOGH ESCORTS THE INDIAN BOY TO THE EDGE OF THE WOODS...



GOOD-BY, WHITE BULL! I HOPE THERE WILL BE NO TROUBLE BETWEEN YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE!

YOU HAVE A GOOD MASTER, TONKA WAKAN! NO LONGER WILL MY HEART BE HEAVY WITH SORROW FOR YOU!



QUICKLY WHITE BULL TURNS AND IN A MOMENT, DISAPPEARS INTO THE WOODS...

COMANCHE — IF WE SHOULD EVER MEET HIM OUT THERE AS AN ENEMY... I WANT YOU TO KNOW IT'S NO DOINGS OF MINE! I JUST PRAY IT NEVER HAPPENS!



BUT IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, THE POSSIBILITY OF PEACE SEEMS MORE AND MORE REMOTE AS INDIAN ATTACKS INCREASE...



FINALLY, IN THE OFFICE OF GENERAL CUSTER, THE AXE FALLS...
YOU HAVE YOUR MINDERS GENTLEMEN, THE PLANNING... THE WAITING... IT'S OVER! WE MARCH IMMEDIATELY



THE SUPPLY WAGONS ROLL, AND SOON, IN A FIELD HEADQUARTERS TENT, GENERAL TERRY ANNOUNCES THE COMMANDS...

GENERAL SHERIDAN'S PLAN OF ATTACK CALLS FOR A THREE-PRONGED MOVEMENT AGAINST SITTING BULL'S VILLAGE... HERE IN THE FORKS OF THE LITTLE AND BIG HORN RIVERS!



EACH COMMANDING OFFICER HAS HIS ORDERS! NONE OF YOU WILL ATTACK UNTIL YOU JOIN FORCES!

ARE WE MAKING WAR ON ALL INDIANS? SOME ARE STILL AT PEACE!

I CAN ANSWER THAT, KEOGH! THERE IS NO WAY TO SEPARATE THE GOOD FROM THE BAD! THEY'VE BURNED, MASSACRED AND PILLAGED... THEY'RE ALL BAD! THEY MUST BE HUNTED DOWN AND WIPE OUT!



REMEMBER, CUSTER... NO ONE MOVES UNTIL WE HAVE JOINED FORCES!

I DON'T LIKE THAT LOOK ON CUSTER'S FACE... AS IF HE HAS PLANS OF HIS OWN!



CAPTAIN KEOGH IS PUZZLED AT THE FORCED MARCH...

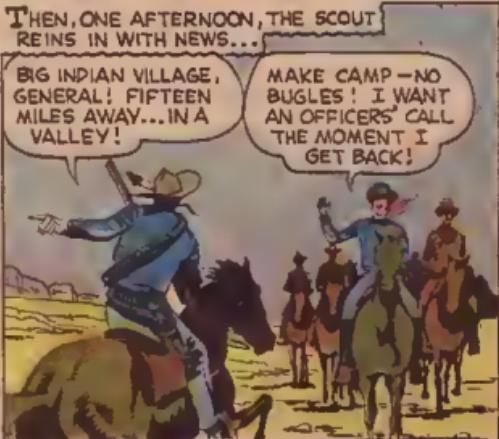
CUSTER'S DRIVING US LIKE A MAN POSSESSED! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?



THEN, ONE AFTERNOON, THE SCOUT REINS IN WITH NEWS...

BIG INDIAN VILLAGE, GENERAL! FIFTEEN MILES AWAY... IN A VALLEY!

MAKE CAMP - NO BUGLES! I WANT AN OFFICERS' CALL THE MOMENT I GET BACK!



LATER, AFTER GENERAL CUSTER HAS INVESTIGATED THE SCOUT'S REPORT...

A LARGE INDIAN VILLAGE LIES DIRECTLY AHEAD...IN THE VALLEY OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN! WE'LL HIT THEM AT DAWN TOMORROW!

BUT OUR ORDERS WERE NOT TO ATTACK UNTIL WE HAD JOINED FORCES, SIR!



I'LL MAKE THE DECISIONS, KEOGH! NOW LISTEN TO ME, ALL OF YOU... CAPTAIN BENTEEEN WILL CIRCLE WEST WITH TROOPS D, H, AND K TO CUT THE RETREAT UP RIVER... MAJOR RENO WILL TAKE TROOPS A, G, AND M...

SOON, THE CONFERENCE IS FINISHED...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM... SPLITTING US UP... AND SURELY THOSE INDIANS KNOW OF OUR PRESENCE BY NOW!

ALL WE CAN DO IS OBEY ORDERS, CAPTAIN... AND HOPE HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!



DAWN THE NEXT MORNING...

TROOPS FORWARD! TODAY WE WILL WRITE HISTORY!



AS THE SOLDIERS APPROACH LITTLE BIG HORN...

THIS IS IT, COMANCHE! I HOPE THAT GOOD LUCK CHARM OF YOURS WORKS FOR BOTH OF US TODAY!



GENERAL CUSTER WROTE HISTORY THAT DAY, AS HE PREDICTED...
BUT IT WAS A FAR DIFFERENT KIND THAN HE HAD EXPECTED...



AN ARROW CREASES COMANCHE...
BUT THE HORSE REMAINS BY HIS MASTER...

RIDING IN THE THICK OF THE BATTLE ARE
YELLOW BULL AND WHITE BULL...



THE BATTLE RAGES AS
THE CAVALRY SOLDIERS
FIGHT THE CIRLING
INDIANS...

BLAM!

BLAM!

ZING!



CAPTAIN KEOGH IS HIT BUT FIGHTS ON, COMANCHE GIVING HIM PROTECTIVE COVER...

WE'RE BOTH WOUNDED, BOY!
BUT WE'LL MAKE IT!
YOU'LL SEE!



WHITE BULL GOES DOWN AS A SOLDIER CLUBS HIM...

THUD!

OOWWW!



THE CAPTAIN IS A WITNESS TO THIS...

IT WAS NONE OF MY DOING,
COMANCHE ... BELIEVE ME...



COMANCHE IS HIT AGAIN BUT COURAGEOUSLY HOLDS POSITION TO COVER HIS MASTER...

HANG ON, COMANCHE
... HANG ON, BOY...

BANG!
BLAM!



GENERAL CUSTER FIGHTS TO THE
VERY END BUT THE OVERWHELMING
ODDS ARE TOO GREAT...



WEAKENED FROM HIS WOUNDS, CAPTAIN KEOGH
BRAVELY TRIES TO KEEP GOING...



YELLOW BULL SEES THE DYING
CAPTAIN AND CHARGES FORWARD
TO FINISH HIM...



COMANCHE SEEMS TO
RECOGNIZE THIS VOICE
FROM THE PAST, AND
DESPITE HIS WOUNDS,
STRUGGLES TO HIS
FEET...



WITH THE HEROISM AND COURAGE OF A
TRUE SOLDIER, THE WOUNDED STALLION
FIGHTS TO PROTECT HIS MASTER...



COMANCHE'S HATED ENEMY IS BEATEN TO THE GROUND BY THE SLASHING HOOFs...

WHEE-EE-AUGH!



AS THE STALLION SINKS DOWN BESIDE THE BODY OF HIS MASTER, THE NOISE OF BATTLE BEGINS TO SUBSIDE...



THEN, AS THE LAST OF THE INDIANS RIPE OVER A HILL, A LONE FIGURE RISES FROM THE SILENT, SMOKING BATTLEFIELD...



WEAKLY, WHITE BULL DRAGS HIMSELF ACROSS THE LITTERED GROUND...

TONKA...TONKA WAKAN...



COMANCHE MOVES SLIGHTLY AS THE WOUNDED INDIAN CRAWLS TO HIM...

TONKA...I...I HAVE BROUGHT YOU WATER... IT WILL GIVE YOU STRENGTH... YOU MUST NOT DIE, BRAVE ONE!



WHEN THE PATROL FROM GENERAL GIBBONS' COMMAND ARRIVE, THEY ARE MET WITH THE TRAGIC SIGHT...

CUSTER'S ARMY...THEY'VE BEEN MASSACRED! EVERY ONE OF THEM!



WHITE BULL'S FIRST INSTINCT IS TO HIDE...

MORE SOLDIERS...I... I HAVE TO GET AWAY!



AS THE TROOPERS APPROACH, THE GROTESQUE, YET HEROIC FIGURE OF COMANCHE RISES WEAKLY...LIKE A SPECTER OF A HORSE RISEN FROM THE DEAD...

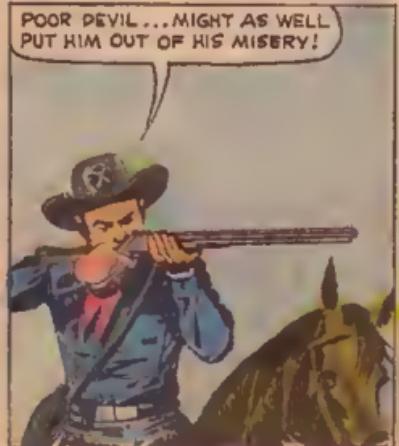
IT'S KEOGH'S HORSE, COMANCHE!

HE'S THE ONLY LIVING SURVIVOR ON THIS WHOLE BATTLEFIELD!



POOR DEVIL...MIGHT AS WELL PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY!

THROUGH THE DIM FOG WHICH CLOUDS HIS BRAIN, WHITE BULL HEARS THE WORDS AND RISES DESPERATELY...



HORSE NOT YOUR ENEMY! I AM
ENEMY YOU MUST KILL! TONKA
BRAVE AS ANY SOLDIER...HE...



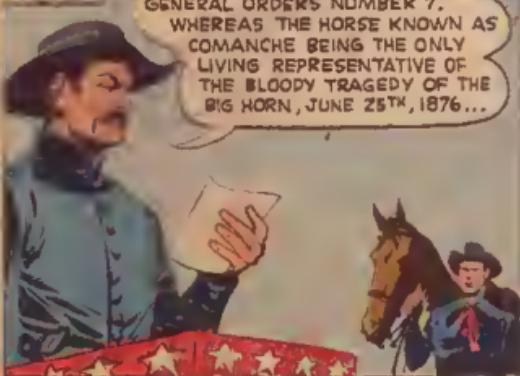
WHITE BULL SLUMPS UNCONSCIOUSLY
IN THE LIEUTENANT'S ARMS...

THIS IS THE BOY KEOGH QUESTIONED AT
THE FORT! TROOPER, GIVE ME YOUR CANTEEN!
SOME OF YOU LOOK AFTER THE HORSE ... WE'RE
TAKING THEM BOTH BACK ... ALIVE!



COMANCHE DID LIVE AND CONTINUED TO SERVE
THE ARMY WELL UNTIL THE DAY OF HIS GREAT
HONOR...

GENERAL ORDERS NUMBER 7.
WHEREAS THE HORSE KNOWN AS
COMANCHE BEING THE ONLY
LIVING REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE BLOODY TRAGEDY OF THE
BIG HORN, JUNE 25TH, 1876...



HIS KIND TREATMENT AND COMFORT
SHOULD BE A MATTER OF SPECIAL
PRIDE AND SOLICITUDE ON THE PART
OF THE SEVENTH CAVALRY... A SPECIAL
AND COMFORTABLE STALL SHALL BE
PROVIDED FOR HIM...

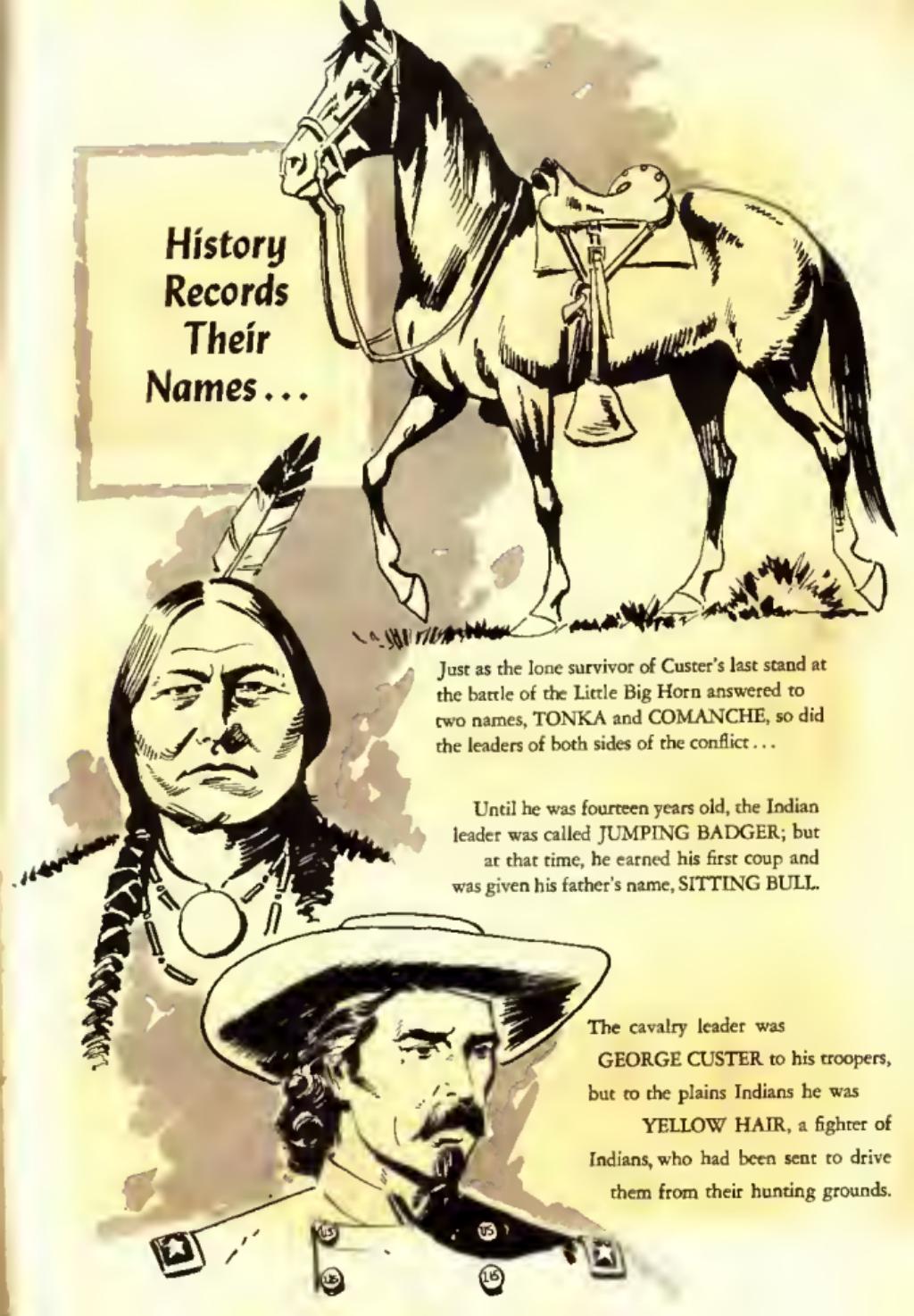


AND SO, COMANCHE WAS RETIRED FROM ACTIVE DUTY TO BE
CARED FOR LOVINGLY BY HIS EXERCISE BOY, WHITE BULL...

HE WILL NOT BE RIDDEN BY ANY PERSON
OTHER THAN HIS EXERCISE BOY, AND UNDER
NO CIRCUMSTANCE WILL HE BE PUT TO WORK...



THEY CALL HIM COMANCHE...
BUT TO ME HE WILL ALWAYS
BE TONKA WAKAN... THE
GREAT ONE!



History Records Their Names...

Just as the lone survivor of Custer's last stand at the battle of the Little Big Horn answered to two names, TONKA and COMANCHE, so did the leaders of both sides of the conflict . . .

Until he was fourteen years old, the Indian leader was called JUMPING BADGER; but at that time, he earned his first coup and was given his father's name, SITTING BULL.

The cavalry leader was GEORGE CUSTER to his troopers, but to the plains Indians he was YELLOW HAIR, a fighter of Indians, who had been sent to drive them from their hunting grounds.

Before the Battle -

Feelings were fevered and high between the soldiers and the Indians, and each made his stand, believing that his way was the right way. At the fort, troops arrived to await orders from the general in command.

White Bull had been dispatched to spy on the fort to gather information as to the number of "long knives" therein.

Meanwhile, the Cheyenne and the Sioux were encamped along a three-mile stretch of the Little Big Horn River. Women and children went about their routine, while warriors and medicine men made ready to defend their people, should the cavalry start to advance.

